

## The Cincinnati Star.

THE DAILY STAR is served by carriers to their subscribers in the City of Cincinnati and in all important Western cities and towns for 15 CENTS PER WEEK, payable to the carrier. Or the paper will be mailed postage paid, to any part of the country for 50 CENTS PER MONTH, \$6 per annum.

THE STAR is the only STRICTLY INDEPENDENT NEWS-PAPER published in Cincinnati. It is taken and read by people of all parties and shades of opinion, and it seeks to present the news of all kinds fairly and faithfully, with justice to all and with especial favor to none.

THE WEEKLY STAR—\$1 PER YEAR, circulated in all parts of the country, and is a first-class family newspaper.

ADVERTISING RATES.—In Daily, 12 1/2 CENTS per line, or \$1 per square of eight lines, space measure. In Weekly, 20 CENTS per line.

THE STAR, 230 Walnut street, Cincinnati, O.

## JACOB is Mayor.

Two of the cannibal cow boys of Nebraska have been convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. Such brutal wretches were certainly cut out for a halter.

BEFORE the first chapter of Exodus is concluded the second is already upon us. It includes aid solicitations for the immigrants in Kansas who are far from their homes, out of food and out of funds.

THE Maharajah of India strikes a happy medium, which is calculated to make him a favorite with his subjects by dividing his time pretty evenly between saying his prayers and playing billiards.

THE Fair Play (Colorado) Flame, states that Lin Sow, a Chinaman, has about seventy-five of his countrymen employed in working in gulches on the Platte, which it will not pay white men to work.

THERE is no true happiness in a palace; it can only be found in a log cabin. B. F. Allen, an Iowa banker, who has just paid \$60,000 for a silver mine, and who lives in a hut at Leadville, has reached this conclusion.

AFTER the same man had rushed into Waukegan, Ill., several days in succession, asserting that he had been badly bitten by a rattlesnake, the citizens naturally became suspicious and shut off their liberal donations of whisky. Strange to relate, the rattlesnake victim still lives.

THERE was reconciliation and lachrymation at the Brooklyn Tabernacle yesterday. Tabernacle and Hathaway fell upon each other's necks and gushed with friendship, but the flinty-hearted Presbytery was not to be overcome by such manifestations. They coldly declined to dismiss the fourth specification, which includes a charge of falsehood.

ACCORDING to the Indianapolis Sentinel, poverty in that city has increased a hundred fold. Murderers, burglars, foot-pads and highway robbers have grown alarmingly in numbers; the streets are going to decay, and disease stalks at noonday on account of the accumulations of filth. This is a sad state of affairs for a city almost beneath the eaves of the Paris of America.

MR. DAVID BAKER, who was yesterday made President of the Board of Public Works, has been a faithful and efficient guardian of the city's interest, and if the majority are guided by his counsel tax-payers will never have reason to desire to see the Board abolished. Good business qualifications and a close watch over the affairs of the city, instead of mere partisanship, is what people desire in the Board of Public Works.

## MATRIMONY MADE EASY.

This is an age of labor-saving inventions, and of societies organized to make life easy. Matrimonial Bureaus are of the latter sort. They are happily devised to facilitate marriages—to unite "two hearts that beat as one"—neither of which hearts, however, knew that the other was on the beat. This is the province of the Bureau to make known. Falling in love is as easy as falling down stairs and sometimes as unpleasant in its results. Like measles and whooping cough, it is one of the diseases of youth, but when it comes to the matter of fact business of courtship and marriage the heart of man fails him often times, and it is a very beneficial agent that steps in and, for a slight consideration, supplies his longings after a better half. To the bashful young man, courtship is very trying, especially if the object of it is surrounded by parents and brothers and sisters and aunts and cousins who always look as though they wanted to know what one's intentions are. And it is an expensive process where a fondness for ice cream and moonlight rides has been early developed. The fate of the frog "who would a wooing go," of being gobbled up by some ancient duck, is at all times amongst the possibilities, if a guileless youth is left to his own unguided impulses.

America is behind the age in the establishment of these beneficent institutions. A few defective efforts have been made in the larger cities to make matrimony easy, but with indifferent results. In France Marriage Offices are about as common as Life Insurance Companies, and the proverbially happy life the Frenchman leads is traceable directly to his freedom from the tedious employment of courtship—the lingering suspense of leaning on the front gate as it were. From this he is exempt. In Italy there has been established for these twelve years "The International Marriage Office," whose sphere of usefulness is co-extensive with civilization, and it is said to be doing a fine business. Printed circulars in all languages (but the language of Love) are sent to eligible widows and spinsters, informing them of the object of the society, and on request they are

furnished a schedule of available parties in market. On their part, if desiring to avail themselves of its aid, they are required to state the amount of their fortune, or "dot," how it is invested, give their permanent address and age, as near as is judicious, and a photograph—"secrecy in all cases strictly guaranteed." On this basis correspondence and interviews are arranged between those who are in the market possessed of about equal equivalents. It is said to think that most of the masculine applicants are mere fortune hunters who look to their wives' fortunes for means to pay the commission charged by the society and to lead a fast life. The last report of this company shows that it has 4,388 applicants, including 3 Princes, 60 Counts, 170 Barons, 260 landed proprietors, 300 army officers, 618 professors, 74 savants and artists, and the balance divided amongst manufacturers, merchants, farmers and professional men.

## Editorial Spinings.

The National Tube Company at McKeesport, Pennsylvania, is now making for the war of all their employees.

The Gainesville (Georgia) Southern advances young men that a plow is cheaper in the long run than a pistol and pays better dividends.

The City Council of Gainesville, Georgia, have passed an ordinance prohibiting boys from robbing birds' nests. By and by the small boy will begin to regret that he was not born a girl.

Sixty-five of those philanthropic individuals known as lottery men have been indicted in St. Louis. Now is the time for that num-rous receipt of big game over in Kentucky to come to his benefactor's rescue.

The brilliant young clerk in the Illinois State Treasury, who allows five thousand dollar packages of money to lie around loose while he makes change for an unusual rush of strangers, is entitled to a slight reprimand.

## SPIRIT OF THE GERMAN PRESS.

## [The Volksfreund.]

The Republican members of the Senate in a caucus solemnly resolved to fight with every means at their disposal to prevent the passage of the Army bill until the moment of voting, and, merely on the ground that the House insists on free elections and that it is the intention to amend those sections of the Revised Statutes by which the presence of troops at the ballot-boxes is allowed.

## [The Volksblatt.]

Mayor Moore is so full of liberal with compliments as with his embittered. In his message he pays compliments to all of the city officials and Boards in regular order, each one separately and all combined. The inaugural address of the new Mayor is good. He says not too little and not too much, and that what he says about the Sunday question has top and bottom and is sanctioned by all reasonable people.

## [The Free Press, N.Y.]

Mr. Charles C. Jacob, the new Mayor, was sworn into office yesterday afternoon by Colonel Moore. There was no question as to disputing the legality of his claims to the position. The Democratic leadership of the city, which had been a contest would be a wild-cat battle, and finally end in a shameful defeat. They wisely, therefore, in the last few days dropped the project, announced with such pomp, of hindering Mr. Jacob from taking possession of his office, and without a murmur submitted to inevitable destiny.

## [Yesterday's Abend Post.]

The extra session of Congress costs the country daily \$12,000, without the special expenses.

Belgium is using every opportunity of gaining the good will of France, and relying on its power, making advances against Germany. This is again shown from its intention of forming a tariff society with France, by which it not only hopes to make itself safe against the disadvantageous results of the proposed tariff bill, but also against other projected designs of the German government towards it.

## Was There Woman in the Case?

## [Whitcomb Review.]

At every dinner table in London they are talking about the Czar and his little demi-matrimonial affair, but I am bound to add that I have not yet met with a single individual, royal, noble or gentle, who has received this story direct from St. Petersburg. As for the Russians in London, they laugh it to scorn—naturally. It runs thus:

The Czar has for long indulged in a romance concerning a very charming lady of high birth, higher accomplishments, and the highest attractions. Hence the imperial conscience has been subjected to as many twinges as the imperial toe when an attack of podagra supervenes; but the question was, how to ease the mental pain of the afflicted Czar?

On a previous occasion when an illustrious Minister received too much attention from the fascinating fair one a remedy was sought and found easily—in a word, the too attractive Minister was made an Ambassador. Conscience, however, can be sent on an embassy, and therefore the Czar, having colluded with his popes, hit upon the expedient of not the marriage service, for that would have involved bigamy, but some sort of consecrated nuptial ritual—which would not make Anonyma Mrs. Romanoff yet would comfort the soul of the Czar. How they did it is not told, mystery being a prime element in such matters, but it was doubtless all very satisfactory, and Alexander of all the Russias has now, so the story runs, not one wife, but one and a half.

## Brazilian and Spanish English.

## [Truth.]

That diplomatists should be able to speak the language of the country to which they are accredited is desirable, but it is undesirable that they should fight over their relative proficiency.

"You are one beast," said a Spanish attaché. "You are one fool," replied a Brazilian attaché. And then each of them insisted that he could speak better English than the other. Each looked up friends, who, being men of sense, arranged the matter amicably.

But then it came to the ears of the Spaniard that the Brazilian attaché went about saying the Don would not fight him. On this the indignant Spaniard went over to Paris, and, having placed the matter in the hands of M. Epaletra and M. Magnan, sent to the Brazilian to inform him that he was awaiting him.

To France at length journeyed the Brazilian, when again explanations were tendered and accepted, and the Brazilian consented to a process verbal being signed, in which it was denied that he had asserted what had come to the ears of the Don, and so neither Spanish nor Brazilian blood was spilt in this foolish affair.

The Scotchman (Aberdeen) Herald states that there is a fine prospect for a good wheat crop in Jackson County, but that the fruit has been generally killed. It also says that there has been more cotton planted than for many years.

## A BUNCH OF ROSES.

Maggie Denne was standing on the terrace in the rectory garden at Wittleigh, gazing over the lovely bay, when a young man came close and gently placed his hands over her blue eyes.

"Frank, how dare you!" she exclaimed; "let me go this instant!"

The hands were immediately withdrawn, and the fair girl turned around, half angrily, to encounter the fair disfigurement of her reverie.

"Why, Algy, is it you? How did you get here? I thought you were at Motcombe. This is a surprise!" she added; "papa will be so glad, and Frank, too."

"And you, Maggie?" said Algy, as he shook hands with her warmly, venturing upon a gentle pressure of the hand.

"Of course, I am delighted, particularly as Jessie Hamblin is coming to-day. You recollect her?"

"Oh, perfectly," she used to be my ideal of beauty until—?" He stopped.

"Until that terrible attack cost her her eyesight, you mean? Yes, indeed, she was a lovely girl. I admire your taste, Algy."

"I did not exactly mean that," he replied; "I meant—"

"Never mind just now; but tell me, like a good fellow, is that the smoke of the steamer over there? If so, I must go and tell Robert to get the pony chaise ready."

Algy shaded his eyes from the glare, and bent all his powers of vision upon the tiny cloud on the horizon.

It was indeed a fair scene upon which his eyes rested. The blue waters of the bay were flecked with foam as the brisk breeze met the restless sea on the flood-tide. Till now Maggie had been vainly sought for a token of the vessel, and with shaded eyes had watched the wide expanse, at times almost despairing. But now all doubt was removed. The black streak grew more and more defined; a long train of smoke extended far across the blue distance.

"Come along," said Maggie, "we must tell papa and Frank. They will be astonished to see you. By the way, do you generally greet your lady friends at Motcombe as you did me just now?"

Algy blushed as he replied, "Of course not; besides, I have no particular friends there."

"Oh! Not Miss Luttrell? And Miss Alice—is it Alice Luttrell?"

"To those who say to hear you say, Algy, I don't know what you mean. I don't know what you mean. I don't know what you mean."

As she spoke her cousin, Frank Carson, appeared. He walked slowly and with a peculiar watchful gait, but he turned his head neither to the right nor left, as he approached the merry pair.

"Well, Frank, old fellow, how are you?" exclaimed Algy heartily, as he extended his hand.

"Why, Algy Vernon, back already! We thought you were studying medicine, or cutting people's legs off to keep your hand in for surgery. Oh, you traitor!"

The young men shook hands warmly. "Have you been here long this time?" asked Algy.

"About a fortnight," was the reply; "Maggie's school-chum is coming—I am very anxious indeed to make her acquaintance. I understood she was lovely, not that her good looks matter to me."

Algy was about to make a reply when Maggie made him a sign not to speak.

"Will you come and meet her, Frank? We are going."

"Of course, I shall be delighted to welcome her. I'll go and get some flowers for her—a bunch of roses will do."

As he spoke he walked quietly away.

"What did you mean by telegraphing to me in that mysterious manner?" asked Vernon.

"Frank doesn't know that Jessie is blind now, so don't tell him. She may recover her eyesight, the doctors say. Perhaps your skill may prove of use."

"Not much, I am afraid," said Algy, musingly. "But I've made the eyes my study too. Now, your eyes?"

"But whatever compliment he intended to convey was cut short by Maggie's sudden departure.

In half an hour the party were all ready to proceed to the wharf. The pony-chaise led the way at a brisk pace, while a cart for the visitor's luggage followed more soberly.

The steamer soon came alongside, and Maggie's quick glance at once described her friend.

There she is, Algy, and Barton is with her, as usual. What a kind creature she is!"

Barton recognized the party at the same moment, and told her young mistress, who turned round and waved her hand.

Jessie Hamblin must have possessed no ordinary share of beauty before the fell ravages of small-pox had deprived her of sight. Even now her almost classic features were very striking, and her open lid at a distance did not betray the terrible trial to which she had been subjected. Fortunately the disease had not marked her to any perceptible extent, and had her eyes been spared, her beauty would have remained almost unimpaired. Her tall, well-formed figure was drawn up as if in defiance of the palsy she knew was felt for her, and of many kind expressions which her quick sense of hearing caught and resented. At first she had rebelled terribly against the will that had mercifully chastised her, but lately she had bowed her head to the decrees of Providence, and almost without a murmur.

"How glad I am to see you," she exclaimed; "I mean to know I am to see you once again, dear Maggie! How kind you are!"

"Dearest Jessie," whispered her friend, "we are all delighted you have come, and looking so well, too. Here are two young gentlemen waiting to be introduced; though I think you have met Algy Vernon before."

"Oh, yes! I recollect Mr. Vernon quite well. We had a famous picnic to the Glen, I think it was."

"Quite right, Miss Hamblin. What a memory you have!" replied Vernon, as he shook hands with her.

"This is my cousin, Frank Carson, of whom you may have heard," continued Maggie. "He has brought you a bouquet."

Maggie took them from her cousin and placed them in the blind girl's grasp. Jessie inhaled the perfume for a few moments, and then placed them in the bosom of her dress.

"Oh, what lovely roses!" she cried. "Thank you so much, Mr. Carson!"

"Now, dear, let me escort you," said Maggie. "I see your invaluable Barton has already got your luggage ashore. This way, dear."

"Algy, you and I must follow, as we can't lead," said Frank, as he took his friend's arm. "I say," he whispered,

"what a beautiful voice she has got, hasn't she? You'll be falling in love, old fellow, eh?"

"Not I," replied his friend, "I'm not equal to a goddess like Miss Hamblin. Besides, you know—He stopped suddenly, remembering Maggie's caution.

"Well, besides what? Don't mind me," said Frank.

"Oh, dear, no; the fact is, I'm rather sweet on some one else you see. She was delighted with those roses, I can tell you. What a thoughtful fellow you are! I never can do those pretty things."

"Then, friend Algy, take a lesson now and a rose next time."

They all drove rapidly back to the rectory. Mr. Denne met them on the steps.

"Welcome to Wittleigh!" he exclaimed in his cheery voice. "Jessie, my dear, I am delighted to see you. Come and press a fatherly kiss on the white forehead, he led his beautiful visitor into the drawing-room."

"Luncheon is ready," he said, "so when you young ladies have exchanged confidences we will sit down. Do not be too long, dear," he added to his daughter.

"We shall be ready in a minute, papa," replied Maggie.

"Scarcely, I think," said the rector, laughing. "But do not forget I breakfasted at seven this morning."

"What a nice fellow your cousin must be, Maggie! fancy his taking the trouble to gather these lovely roses! I wish I could see them," she added with a sigh.

"But Maggie, dear, what do you think! one doctor in London told papa that perhaps I might some day recover my sight—I do so hope he is right. He wanted to galvanize me, or something!"

"Of course he is right, dear; he never would have hoped if he were not quite sure!"

"Oh, Maggie, fancy! Just fancy being able to see the sea, the sky, the flowers, and you, you darling, once again. But it is too good to be true. It is quite impossible!" A weary sigh closed the sentence.

"Not impossible, dear. So let us hope for the best. Hope and pray and trust in God's mercy!"

Jessie bent down and kissed her kind friend, and then the two girls had a "good cry" together.

Nearly two months passed away and still the party at Wittleigh rectory remained the same. To those of my readers who have stayed in society with D. V. I need not explain the pleasant life which young people can, and I believe do, lead in that land of pines. Love in these latitudes ripens with the strawberries, and comes as natural as cream; so the young couples at the rectory paired off almost unconsciously. Such an arrangement in the case of Algy Vernon and Maggie Denne was not surprising, for they had been acquainted from childhood. Mrs. Vernon and the late Mrs. Denne had been schoolfellows. They had never severed the friendship thus initiated, and what was more natural than that the affection entertained by the parents should descend to the children? At any rate, Algy was deeply in love with the pretty Maggie, and she, though not so preoccupied respecting him, thought her old friend very nice indeed, and if the truth was told, preferred him to all her numerous admirers.

But Frank Carson and Jessie Hamblin had no such excuse. Yet the influence of the Devonshire air was such as to kindle a spark, which showed symptoms of bursting out into a very decided flame indeed. The train of sympathy was laid, it required but that spark to be applied to it, and then the barriers of prudence would give way before the explosion. If Algy and Maggie understood each other, so did Frank and Maggie, and the numerous excursions and picnics in which they passed the afternoon only served to rivet their bonds closer.

One sultry afternoon a last excursion was planned to the Fairy Glen. The party had been increased on this occasion by three couples from a neighboring parish, and despite the threatening appearance of certain huge masses of cloud, the expedition started. The romantic spot which Maggie—no mean judge in these matters—had selected for the afternoon meal was one of those lovely bits of landscape so familiar to many of us. A lawless stream makes its sparkling way amidst moss-covered boulders, over pebbly shallows and swirls beneath the wild flowers beneath its banks. Then gliding calmly into an unrolled pool, it lazily creeps beneath a picturesque bridge, through the single arch of which ancient structures the mead is seen extending to its wild and undulating curves. And then the water, secure in its pride of high birth in yonder hills, takes no heed of the narrow passage till, ere it is aware, it is caught in a rapid and hurried over the cascade to the sea, where it is lost forever.

Such were the features of the woodland dining-room on that eventful day—a day never to be forgotten by any member of that merry party.

The cloth was soon laid beside the stream, and when all was ready full justice was done to the al fresco meal. More than once a muttered growl or subdued roll was heard over the hills, but the suggestion of thunder was met by the reply that the sound was merely the echoes of the blustering opeanus in the quakes of the rattling of the trucks on the neighboring railway.

The air got more and more sultry and even the insects seemed to sleep. The trees whispered to each other, and their topmost branches waved a gentle welcome to the scarcely felt breeze that stirred the leaves. The picnic party broke into groups after dinner; the groups into pairs, each cautioning the others not to go too far, as there was a storm brewing. Frank and Jessie did not wander away. Escorted by Algy and Maggie to a rustic seat above the stream, close to a tall and sheltering tree, they sat together while the most venturesome of the party climbed the tall rocks or wandered up the stream, leaping from stone to stone, where assistance and much holding of hands was needed.

"Oh, Devon stones, for what are ye not responsible? How many happy faces ye have mirrored in your sparkling waters."

Frank and Jessie chatted for some time on indifferent subjects, until at last she sighed deeply, and said half absently: "Oh, how very sorry I shall be to leave here! I have been so happy!" Then she added suddenly, "Every one has been so very kind to me!"

"I am dreadfully sorry you must go," he said, with an answering sigh, and somehow as he spoke, we know not how, how does it ever happen?—their hands touched, his fingers clasped hers, and hers were not withdrawn. The train was fired. "Jessie, dearest Jessie," he whispered,

"can you love me? Will you be my wife?"

There was no reply, unless an almost imperceptible pressure of the taper fingers could be so termed. Frank took it for assent, and bending down he kissed the lovely face once, twice, thrice, till the cheeks were as brilliant as the crimson rose Jessie wore in her dress.

"My own, my darling," was all he said. A sharp peal of thunder passed away unheeded as he spoke. After a pause he resumed:

"So you do love me, Jessie! I never thought you would care for me, dear."

"Indeed I do," she whispered; "why should I not? But I often wondered that you selected me as your companion all these weeks, for I am so unfortunate."

"Why, my darling, how are you unfortunate?" he asked, and he passed his arm around her waist.

"Because—because—oh! I can not bear to mention it; though I do not mind now, at least not nearly so much."

"But what is this terrible reason why I should not love you, Jessie? Tell me, dearest."

"Oh, Frank! that is like your kind sympathy for me. Of course you guess. It is because I am blind, you know!"

Frank recoiled as if he had been stung, a choking gasp escaped him, and he could not speak for a moment.

"Blind!" he repeated at length, as if in a dream. "Blind! Oh, Jessie! So you are!"

It was too true. Blind from his birth, Frank Carson had never dreamed that Jessie was afflicted like himself. Maggie had never told him this, and the terrible fact was now revealed to the lovers for the first time. Frank's knowledge of the ground and neighborhood, in which he had lived for years, had enabled him to keep Jessie in ignorance of his infirmity, which he of course fancied she was aware of.

And had it come to this after all! Jessie seized his hand. "Oh, do not tell me this! Frank, dear Frank, say you can see me! Have you never seen me; never at all!"

She waited breathless for his answer. It fell almost like a blow.

"Never!"

And this was the end of her dream of love! She had been so very happy to think that one man at least had been so kind and sympathetic; that one man had seen her vacant eyes, and feared face, and had loved her for herself alone, not for her beauty and her wealth. But now—the charm was snapped—the golden bowl was broken! She bent her head, a great warm drop fell upon her hand, now clasped in his. She started as she felt it. He was suffering, too. She drew herself up, a beautiful smile upon her face, then bending toward him, she pressed a kiss, the first kiss of her pure lips, upon his forehead.

"For better, for worse, till death do us part," dear Frank, I am yours, if you will take me as I am."

"Till death do us part," he repeated, solemnly, and he in turn was stooping to his love when—

A hot and brilliant flash of light rent the cloud overhead, a rattling peal of thunder followed it to earth, and Frank and Jessie lay extended beneath the river tree, hand in hand, to all appearance locked in sleep—the sleep that knows no waking.

Till death did them part! Was this to be their parting, on the threshold of life?

Peal after peal of thunder rattled overhead, the lightning flashed around them, the rain poured down in torrents, and there they lay unconscious of the elemental war—asked!

"Merciful heaven have pity on them!"

It was the rector who spoke, as he and some others of the party came suddenly upon the senseless forms beneath the tree.

Was the prayer heard? We dare not speculate on subjects such as this. Who can tell?

The bodies were borne to a cottage close by; the light clasp of the fingers was unloosed at length. Jessie, the bunch of roses contrasting so with her pallid face, was laid upon a bed; Frank was in the next room, in a bed still.

A stifled sigh first proclaimed to Maggie Denne that her heartfelt prayer had been answered, and Jessie sat upright, turning to her kind attendant, she said faintly:

"Maggie, dearest!"

Maggie, full of joy, hastened to the bed. There was Jessie Hamblin, indeed; but it was the Jessie of old. Her eyes were open and full of life.

"It is true, Maggie, darling; it is true, and I can see you once again—I can, I can! Look, here are my roses; there you stand. Oh, thank Heaven, I can see the sky once more!"

She fell back exhausted; then, rising again, cried:

"Is it true about Frank? I love him; he loves me; the lightning struck us; yes, but gave me sight for him. Thank God! Where is Frank?" she inquired, after a pause.

"In the next room," said Maggie, as she wiped away her happy tears. "Oh, Jessie, how thankful we all are! We feared the worst for both!"

At this moment the rector entered softly.

"Oh, come in, papa; come in. Darling Jessie can see us all again. Is it not wonderful? I am so thankful!"

"It is wonderful," replied Mr. Denne. "And now," he said, after he had affectionately congratulated Jessie, "I have more good news; Frank has recovered and has asked for Jessie. May he come in?"

"I will go to him," she said, rising from the bed. And before they could stop her she had hurried away to the next room, where, lying upon a sofa, was poor Frank Carson. She hastened toward him. "Oh, Frank!" she cried, "dearest Frank, I am so glad!" Then blushing rosy red, she whispered, "Till death do us part. God has given me my eyesight once again, to nurse and tend you all my life. Dear, dear Frank!"

He did not a word till, rising up, he knelt beside the sofa, and Jessie's thanksgiving and his went up to Heaven together.

But little remains to be told. The lovers were united before many months had passed. Algy and Maggie soon followed the good example set them by Jessie and her lover. On the former's wedding day the only gift presented to the lovely bride by her devoted husband, Frank, was a bunch of roses.

Gentlemen after shaving will find Caswell's Camphor Ice Lotion a delightful application for the face. For sale by John Keeshan, Sixth